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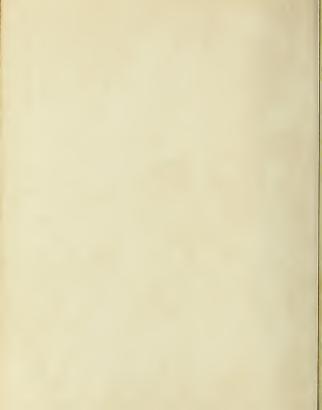
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A SOUVENIR

OF

SUTRO HEIGHTS.

Where the scholar's hand might gather
From the past its fading gleams,
And the poet's fancy fashion
The thought in his realm of dreams.

-Madge Morris.

GOLDEN ERA COMPANY. 1886.



A Souvenir of Sutro Heights.

To Adolph Sutro	. Carrie Stevens Walter
A Generous Impulse	Sterling
A Legend.	Madge Morris
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To Adolph Sutro



HERE the radiant land of sunset opens wide its
Western door,

Where the restless, moaning breakers reach their arms out evermore;

There is wrought a wondrous poem on the tablets of the rocks, Wrote with pen of blast and pick-axe, with the throes of earthquake shocks.

All the instincts of the Poet matchless lines of beauty trace, Storied places yield their tribute to enhance the weird grace. Through the glory of the ages, gleam of days, or gloom of nights,

California's children thank you for this poem, "Sutro Heights."

— Carrie Sterens Walter.

A Generous Impulse.

GENEROUS impulses are common enough. They spring naturally in the human heart. But, usually, they are like the annuals that come up quickly, bloom, wither and die down into the earth again in a few weeks, and are seen no more.

Rarely does the generous impulse grow like the century plant, until a hundred years are required to bring it to perfection, then putting forth the great flowery stem, thirty feet high, the wonder and puzzlement of all mankind.

Rarely does a man yield all the energies and devices of a life-time to the final carrying out of a generous impulse. The reason is apparent—it requires too much trouble for too small a return, for the generous impulse is rarely appreciated.

As the Master—Victor Hugo—says, "Everything shall fail but ingratitude." People may wender, may enjoy or even crawl in return for a kindness done, but they cannot be compelled to be grateful. And yet gratitude is one of the manliest of the virtues.

A generous impulse, therefore, when yielded to and carried into execution, stands by itself, majestic and splendid as a solitary bronze monument.

I am moved to these thoughts when I think of that princely gift to our city of San Francisco, that beautiful sea-park, known as "Sutro Heights." As a park among other parks, it is like the sonnet among other verses.

[&]quot;Tis a precious jewel carved most curiously,

It is a little picture painted well."

Midway between the sky and sea, a fantastic freak of Nature overlooking the surges of the Pacific, there is no location in the world to equal it in sea magnificence. The only one that approaches it, is the celebrated palace of Maximilian on the Adriatic, but it is low and built out into the water itself, while Sutro Heights is lofty and exalted. Its capacities have not been confined to the erecting of a sea-palace where one man shall feast, drink and be merry. Nay, the world has been explored and studied, that it may become the joy of many. From the farthest point of North Cape to the Soudan in Africa and the choicest realms in Europe, all have been made to yield cetain treasure for the beautifying of this unique gardenrealm.

A museum, containing the oddities of all creation, from the galoches of a Soudanese belle to the real sword of a Japanese Lord High Executioner, is here established.

A library, culled from the book-centers of the world, especially rich in old manuscripts, is awaiting the construction of a fireproof, earthquake-proof building for its final home.

All through the winding walks, and profusely adorning the parapet, are casts of the great statues of the ancient world, in indestructible composition. A young forest is rapidly springing up, and the conservatories are laden with the perfume of camelias and magnolias.

Meanwhile, as an earnest of our appreciation and respect, may we offer a little incense of song and prose to the man who has carved the rock, builded the temple, and beautified the place.

—Sterling.

A Levend

NCE when the world was new,
Once in its dawns and springs,
When the waters a language knew,
And the hills were living things,

The mount that is Tamalpais

And this terrace-bordered Height,
Stood side by side in the wall of land
Which held the sea aright.

And the Mount and the Height were lovers,
And they stood with clasping hand
In their verdure crowns and beauty—
The pride of the Western land.
They were lovers—rival lovers—
In love with the sea were thev.—

In love with the siren Ocean
Whose beauty before them lay;
Her emerald gown was broidered
With lace the mermaids spun,

With lace the mermaids spun, And her tawny bosom glittered With the diamonds of the sun.

They gazed on the matchless vista— On the wide out-sweeping zone Of amber-dappled Ocean, And they claimed her each his own.

And a quarrel grew between them, And the contest rose and raged Till the universe was shaken With the jealous war they waged.

All vain the angered Ocean
Invoked each nymph and gnome,
And beat her breast against them,
And flung her arms of foam.

The sun and the moon drew backward
And hid in their clouded light,
And the pale stars fled affrighted
Back into the aisles of night.

Then the king of the hills and the waters
Arose in his wrathful might,
And kindled his red death-furnace
Under the Mount and the Height—
The sea-waves stop and tremble,
The hills like waves careen—
And the wall was rent asunder,
And the Ocean rushed between.

The king of the hills and the waters
Still stood in his wrathful might,
And he hurled his curse prophetic
On the riven Mount and Height:
"Ye shall stand thus widely parted
While the sea-waves wash the shore,
And hear the ocean moaning
For ever, ever more;

And thou, rebellious Mountain,

Be a barren waste and dumb

Till the world shall bring you ransom,

Till the East to the West shall come."

The circling years whirled onward,
The birds forgot to sing
On the barren, nameless summit
Under the ban of the king.

One day from the dust and tumult,
From the cares and frets and ills,
Where standeth the busy city
On its ocean-dented hills,
Came one and stood on the Mountain—
On the mountain cursed of fate.
He looked on the broad Pacific,
On the narrow bounded strait;
He saw old Tamalpais,
Black-browed as the frown of hate;
He saw the ships of the nations

And the humbled soul of the Mountain Crept into the soul of the man, Swift in his brain evolving The lines of a mighty plan.

Come into the Golden Gate.

He wove him a wondrous vision;

Of the desolate land he made

A flower-wreathed dome of beauty,—

A sylvan perfumed shade.

He planted the snow pale flowers

And the blooms of tropic dye,

And a giant redwood forest

Held its arms up toward the sky.

The rare and the quaint and curious
Of the world he hither brought,
And the wonder-shapes in sculpture
Which the master hands had wrought.

And he builded here a temple
To the muses Time has sung,
Full-stored with the hoarded volumes
Of many a clime and tongue,
Where the scholar's hand might gather
From the past its fading gleams,
And the poet's fancy fashion
The thought in his realm of dreams.

And his templed palace garden,
With a royal generous hand,
He gave—a gift—to the people
Of the Golden Western land.

From the ocean's lambent splendor, From his vision-bowered strand, He turned to the rock-ribbed summit And the glaring dunes of sand.

He had forced the earth to open
Her secret treasure door—
And back to the earth he yielded
Her gold thrice doubled o'er.

The jagged rocks are shapen, To curious curving walls, To granite carven stairways And terrace-circled halls.

And curve in curve encloses

Long flower embroidered lines,
Where mythic gods and graces
Dream under palms and pines;

Where the ministers of winter Sleep in acacian bowers, Drugged with the breath of incense From purple-throated flowers.

The west wind whispers, whispers, Its story in the nights, And the ocean chants its anthem At the foot of Sutro Heights.

The humbled soul of the Mountain
Liveth no longer dumb—
The world has brought its ransom,
The East to the West has come.

-Madge Morris.

Fair Nature and the Man, I Sing



WO mystic forces here have full command, And one's a modern Monte Christo's hand; In harmony their choicest gifts they bring— Fair Nature and the Man, I sing!

'Tis a magic park in high mid air, Between the sky and sea, Where gleam the forms of statues fair, And sounds the sea-lion's jubilee.

'Tis carved in everlasting stone, And curved with beauty's line, And crossed by Nature's zone, A dream that's half divine.

Two mystic forces here in accord dwell:

One gives the rock, the other carves it well,
And hand in hand, their choicest gifts they bring—
Fair Nature and the Man, I sing!

Frowns Tamalpais with his scar

Beyond the Golden Gate,
And coming in across the bar,
Are seen the sails of fate.
Upon the parapet we stand,
Among the statues white,
Rejoicing in the sky and sea and land,
And filled with fresh delight.

Two mystic forces here have wrought a spell: One gives the Earth, and one plants asphodel, And hand in hand, their choicest gifts they bring— Fair Nature and the Man, I sing!

-Ella Sterling Cummins.

An Indian Legend

OULD you know the seal rocks' legend?

Know the legend that the night wind
Heard from the great waves of ocean,
Where they throw their white foam upward,
Blue and green and silver crested.

Shining in the dazzling sunshine, Frowning, turbid, in the nightfall, In the world's dumb ear, repeating This sad tale, of love and sorrow? Years ago, ere white man's footsteps Touched the soil of California, Killed her lions in the mountain. Sought her deer by lake and meadow, Lived the red man in the forest-Built his camp-fires in the wildwood, Watched the maize grow ripe in sunlight, Picked the mellow fruits in Autumn, Gladdened if the great All Father Smiled in dimpling clouds above them, Happy, if he spoke at nightfall In the rustling of the pine trees, Lowly bowed in fear and trembling, If they heard his voice in anger, Speaking in the thunder's rolling.

And when sunshine touched the hilltons. They were up to greet its splendors. Holy fire was still kept burning Through the darkness, through the daylight, Watched and guarded by a maiden, Sweet Awiyoh, mirror-lake-sprite, Tall and slender as a day beam, Fair as the white clouds of morning, When they fleck the blue of heaven: Hair, a mass of golden sunshine, Crinkling in soft waves around her. Eves, blue gems, but oft o'er-shadowed, With a wistful look of sadness. Whence came she, this lily maiden, 'Mongst this dusky, dark-browed people? Years before, the storm god, angry, Swept the waters of the ocean. And the waves leaped up in frenzy, Snatched great ships and drew them under. But, as if in scorn, disdaining, Such small prey, they threw a cradle On the shore, unharmed, unbroken. In its silken depth reclining Lay a pearl, a wee, frail infant, Fast asleep, and faintly smiling, The great chief, Tutochahnulah, Took her to his heart and wigwam. And she grew like some fair spirit, Sent from heaven, to guide and bless them, Once a year it was the custom

'Mong this tribe to choose a maiden. And with prayers and rites prepare her Thus to guard the sacred fires. Blest by spirits while she did so. But if thought or sleep o'ertook her, And, if aught the fire extinguished, Heaven nor man could help or aid her, This the fiat-she must perish. Nay, and more, the tribe must wander, Pestilence and sorrow on them. Till the Father, in His mercy, Calls their weary souls away. Fair Awiyoh now was keeper. But her thoughts fled from her duties. To the brave Ahweahnolah, Spirit of the great white mountain. Who was first among the warriors. Every living creature loved him, Birds of air would sing unto him, Timid deer and savage grizzly. Wounded, panting, sought protection, And the fierce and deadly lion. In his garment's folds would slumber. 'Midst the warriors in the council When he spoke, all tongues were silent. For his words were words of wisdom And his thoughts were true and tender. Great love had he for his people, When, 'mid clouds, the white snow-angel, Shook his wings, and many feathers

On the air came wafted downward On his head, he caught and held them, Till it shope all diamond-crested Then he laughed, and shook them from him, And they slid like great tears, downward, Till in rain, they blessed the valleys. Thus, the snow had never covered The glad soil of California. Strong he was, and brave and rugged, But he loved the maid Awiyoh; Brought her gold to deck her garments; Brought her gems to crown her tresses : Shining coal to feed her fire. Hoping, when the year was ended, He might clasp her to his bosom, His dear bride, his fair Awiyoh; Many morns had smiled upon them, Many moons appeared and vanished. Then the autumn days came smiling, And they whispered to Awiyoh, " Soon, the year will be completed, Soon, thy duties will be ended, Then we'll bring thy bridal morning;" The vines blushed upon the hillside, And the streamlets heard the whisper, Laughing, as they bore it onward To the ocean's breast so tender. Chirped the birds, "Oh, glad Awiyoh, loy is thine; oh, blest, Awiyoh, Love shall crown thy life forever!"

And Awiyoh smiled in gladness, Fed her fire, and it leaned upward. And her clear voice thrilled in music. Till the woods and forests rang out: " Oh, crimson light, oh holy fire, Grant me now my heart's desire. Bless me for the task I do. Bring the boon I crave from you. May I prove to him a light That shall make his hearthstone bright. Father, now I come to Thee. By this light I bow my knee. If through ages that will be. I must bring him misery. Cast one shadow, cause one sign, Take me Father, let me die. If 'twould make his life more bright. I would dwell in endless night." The breeze kissed her brow in answer, And the trees dropped crimson leaflets On her brow in benediction. But Pohono saw and heard her, He, the vile and evil spirit, Whose breath blights, and kills all creatures. Long he'd witnessed the affection Of the spirit of the mountain, The great, brave Ahweahnolah, For the blue-eved, gentle maiden,

Fair Awiyoh, mirror lake-sprite; And one day, when near Awiyoh

Came the fond Ahweahnolah. Pohono, sprang out, and struck him, And his mighty side was riven. Prone he fell in grief and anguish. Crying only, "Come Awiyoh!" Then she rushed with mighty impulse, Left the fire that she was tending. With no thought of that, or Heaven, Crying only, "Love, I'm coming! I will save or perish with thee." Dead Pohono shrank in shadow. And his form became as vapor, When her pure eye fell upon him. Then she clasped her wounded lover. Tore her white and gold-gemmed mantle, Bound it on his wound, and bore him. Through the darkness to his dwelling, And the chieftains, "who had heard him. Heard his bitter cry of anguish, Which the swift and tender night-winds, In their love and grief bore onward, Now came rushing, where the maiden, In her arms, in her great sorrow, Clasped her still unconscious burden, In her grief and woe all speechless; And they cried, "Oh, faithless maiden, Wherefore didst thou leave thy duty, False to yows that should have bound thee? Cried the maiden, "Love was dearer." " Now upon the distant hilltons,

Where the fire has shone for ages Holy fire will shine, ah, never, The Great Spirit, the All Father, Has withdrawn his face in anger, And in darkness, we must wander, Wander till he cries, 'Come hither, And for thee, oh, child of sunshine, Tender child of our affection. As the waters hare thee to us They shall bear thy soul to Heaven." She but raised her head in answer, Brushing back her silken tresses, Said with haughty tone and gesture: Pointing to her still, white burden, " Has he sinned that he must perish? I accept my doom, oh, chieftains, But as ve are born of women. Let me save Ahweahnolah Grant this boon to my affection. Then, in silence, ye may take me, Whither, when, I know or care not, Only tell him not the secret. For 'twould rend his very heart-strings If he knew his dear Awiyoh Perished in the cruel waters," So the warriors all consented, And Awiyoh nursed her lover Through his days and nights of torture, Till all danger had departed. Then one night she kissed him, sleeping,

Breathed a prayer of blessing o'er him. And to die went forth, all smiling, Where the waves of the Pacific, Moaning, tossed their white foam upward, Moaning for the brave young creature Whose voice they must hush to silence. To a great, strong rock they bound her, So when tides came in, receding, Her bright life would go out with them. Pierced by sunset's shining arrows, A'l her rich hair streamed behind her; Her blue eves were raised in wonder. And her sweet face shone like morning, Smiling o'er a dewy meadow. " Ah," she cried, "I see a vision, See a vision of the future. Of a great and glorious city That shall be when we're forgotten. On the cliffs that frown above us. Stands a light and graceful mansion, Flowers of rarest hues around it. And amidst their bloom and odor, Forms of grace, like alabaster, Seem to hold the beams of sunset In their still, white curves of beauty. Even toadstools, that our maidens Crush with each light falling footsten. Serve as seats to rest and dream on, Cast in stone, for this strange people. This large waste of placid waters

Is a golden gate where vessels, Beauteous, white-winged birds of passage, Find a port of peace and plenty. Tamalpais, the great, brown mountain, Rears its scarred front toward the heavens, And I see a screaming monster. With its great red eye all glowing, Puff its cloud-like breath toward us-These strange people ride upon it. Hark ! dost hear that wondrous music? Voice it is, and wind, and ocean, In one instrument commingled. Crowds of people now seem moving As in time to that sweet music, In strange, mystic, graceful figures-Ah, my vision seems to fail me,-It is past. Dear friends, farewell!" When morn came, Awiyoh's spirit Earth had left behind forever. When the brave Ahweahnolah Waked and missed his bride, his darling-When he found that she had perished, Then he shook the earth so greatly In his woe and mighty anguish That the ocean sobbed and moaning Shrank from sands where her free spirit Soared unto the One who gave it. " Oh, Great Spirit! kind All Father," Prayed he with his face uplifted, " On this people give me vengeance,

For the death of my Awiyoh When they rent my heart asunder." And the kind All Father heard him, Heard his cry of pain and answered: "Be it so: go-do your pleasure." Then the great Ahweahnolah Struck the rock where sat the chieftains, And it parted; in an instant They were changed to brown, seal monsters, And on one great rock in ocean, You can hear to-day their moaning. See their awkward forms and movements, Plunging in the waves of ocean. Sometimes clouds, blue, mist-like, tender, Float around the distant mountain. It is she, so says tradition, The true spirit of Awiyoh, Come to comfort her dear lover. But the vision of the maiden Now is seen in our fair city. Sutro Heights, in all its beauty, When once viewed, is ne'er forgotten, 'Tis a gem of art and nature.

Alice Denison

Sutro Heights.

AMALPAIS leans o'er thee dreamily, Shadows of purple clouds nod, There, where the old ocean mightily Sings to the mountains of God. Up from the East and its dawning Rises the gold-eyed day, Spreading her wings like the summer Over the violet hav.

Flowers rise upward like spirit-dreams, Born of the dust at thy feet, Songs from the far wind-harps, heavenly, Echo the sea-music sweet. Oh that the hand of a Sappho Here on these lawns might trace Sonnets to make thee immortal-Touched by the old Greek grace. Sea-ward, the Golden Gate tenderly Guardeth the child-queen state, Sunward, the noon-day slips mistily, Laden with golden-barred freight. There, in the West dies the sun-god, Shrouded in dun and gold, Cometh the night-queen in mourning, Stars in each sable fold.

Dreaming, the heart reaches longingly Up from the wind-beaten sod, Unto the star-flowers blossoming, Pale in the garden of God. Upward the hills and the mountains Reach in the solenin night, Thrilling, the soul follows after, Hushed, in its trackless flight. Tamalpais leans o'er thee dreamily. Shadows of purple clouds nod, There, when the old ocean, mightily, Sings to the mountains of God, lov, like a star, leads the morning, Hope, with her smile, crowns the West; Peace folds her white wings forever, Here in this Eden to rest.

-Fannie Isabel Sherrick.







